AN

EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*;

OCCASION'D BY

The *Writings* of the *Craftſman*,

AND

The Late PEACE concluded with SPAIN.

——— *Ordinem*
Rectum, & vaganti frœna licentiæ
Injecit, amovitq; culpas
Et veteres revocavit artes.

Per quas Latinum nomen & Italæ
Crevere Vires! Famaq; & Imperi
Porrecta majeſtas ad Ortum
Solis, ab Heſperio Cubili.

HOR. Lib. 4. Ode 15.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

M.DCC.XXX.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE.*

GREAT, Brave, and Faithful! let the Proud disdain,
And strive to shade that Worth they cannot stain:
The Grateful and the Good thy Conduct trust,
And own the Statesman Wise, and Patriot Just;
A Nation's Safety on thy Care repose,
None thine, but who, at once, are *Britain*'s Foes.
At the first Glory, and the fairest Fame,
Envy delights her keenest Shaft to aim;
Her cursing Voice transported to make less
Those God-like Deeds, which others own and bless:
Hence on thy sacred Worth, so full and bright,
The rankest of her pois'nous Arrows light;
Which from thy solid Armour back rebound,
And only raze the Steel they cannot wound.

Her Art, to rob thee of a People's Love,
To puzzle and ſurmiſe —— but never prove;
To dreſs a Falſhood fair in Truth's Diſguiſe,
Hid from the Weak —— apparent to the Wiſe:
Our Fleets in Danger, proving thee unkind
Not to rebuke the Storm, and calm the Wind;
A Stateſman's Duty ſure, when Tempeſts riſe,
To ſave our Navies, and command the Skies:
'Tis not thy Guilt, but thy Deſert and Fame,
That multiplies her Sorrows and her Shame;
Sighing, her Sting can give thy Breaſt no Pain,
Where all her angry Darts are launch'd in vain.

Wou'dſt thou her Murmurs ſtop, or Rage ſuppreſs,
Oblige thy King, and ſerve thy Country leſs;
Aſpire to Worth and Virtues leſs ſublime,
Which with the worſt, have ever been a Crime:
As *Africk*'s Sons our Northern Looks affright,
To ſcare the *Moor*, who paint their Dæmons white,
Till thou art baniſh'd from the Royal Smile,
How can Sedition thrive, or Fraud beguile?

Diſcord in Safety her dire Poniard draw,
Faction grow ſtrong, or bold Rebellion awe;
Treaſon without a Mask diſcloſe her Face;
Caleb delude, or *P*—— have a Place?
State Fools be honour'd, or State Knaves have Leave,
For *Britain*'s Welfare, *Britain* to deceive.
If thou art ſuffer'd, with a piercing Eye,
Each Day to mark the ſmooth and current Lye,
Falſhood, howe'er diſguis'd by Art, to trace,
And draw the Vizor from the Phantom's Face;
How ſhall Conviction truckle to Pretence,
Folly be deem'd a richer Gift than Senſe;
Am——*t* the Town's Applauſe each *Friday* meet,
And Gyant *F*—*k*—*n* vend his Weekly Sheet;
Inſtead of Safety, Dangers be implor'd,
Soft Peace derided, and dire War ador'd?

Not in thy Breaſt alone theſe fix the Sting,
They cenſure thee—— but mean, by thee, their King;
Aſperſing thine, by Art, his Wiſdom blame,
Weaken his Power, while they extol his Fame;

Their

Their Loyalty, by Want of Duty, prove,
By Diſobedience, their Exceſs of Love;
From pure Good-nature, think his Councils wrong,
And Factions nurſe, to make his Arm more ſtrong;
By Conſcience urg'd, his Fav'rites to deſpiſe,
Who have no Patents to be juſt or wiſe;
Teaching each Realm no more our Arms to dread,
Who ſcorn thoſe Swords by which they oft have bled.

Ah! cruel Stateſman! to oblige thy Foe,
Commit one Error, one kind Weakneſs ſhew!
Againſt thyſelf, with *Spain* or *France* unite,
That *D——rs* in Five Years may once be right;
Let Wealth and Plenty ſhew a ſinking Trade,
And Debts increaſe the more, for being paid;
Fair Liberty a wretched State enthral,
And Taxes grow more weighty, as they fall;
Faction and Fraud the beſt their King adviſe,
And let the NEEDY be the only Wiſe;
His Subjects Love, a Monarch's worſt Diſgrace,
And thoſe his ſureſt Friends—who want a Place.

Ungenerous

Ungenerous Knight! Gay Authors to reſtrain,
Who know they cannot pleaſe, unleſs they feign:
How cruel! to undo learn'd Writers quite,
Who gain Applauſe —— for never being right.
To prove thyſelf a Stateſman Good and Wiſe,
Muſt ſink the gainful Sale of future Lyes;
Take from the Town, by thee unkindly us'd,
The Bliſs each Week of being well-abus'd;
The Subject of his Right, no more poſſeſs'd,
To credit what Deluſions pleaſe him beſt:
In Pity to their Zeal, ah! give 'em Leave,
In Truth's Defence, to ſham and to deceive!
The unconteſted Claim of thoſe who rail,
With Fiction to amuſe, when Reaſons fail;
Nor from Mankind the Chriſtian Freedom take,
To murder and abuſe — for Conſcience-ſake;
A Blemiſh to a free-born *Briton*'s Mind,
Debarr'd from Error, or to Truth confin'd;
A Right by Law that does to all belong,
For Good and Virtuous Reaſons — to be wrong.

Let *S*——— *I*——*n* then employ each hum'rous Hour,
Turn'd Stateſman, by a lucky Want of Power;
His fav'rite Mob, with luſcious Treaſons, pleaſe,
And cure our Ills, by height'ning our Diſeaſe!
Let Malice forge, or Diſcontent complain
Againſt thy Virtue, all conſpire in vain;
On its firm Baſe it does the Storm defy,
Not leſs ſecure, becauſe it ſoars ſo high:
Like the ſtrong Rock, that views beneath its Side
The Billow broke, that ſtrove its Top to hide;
Above the Waters, proud its Height to ſhow,
The Surges daſh'd, and dying all below,

Cou'dſt thou, Great Sage, invent ſome wond'rous Way,
Armies to raiſe, and cloath 'em, without Pay;
When our Fleets ſail, by Act of Council bind
Each boiſt'rous, and let looſe each fav'ring Wind;
The Court and Country to enrich, contrive
How Pride, Exceſs, and Luxury may thrive!
Hollings and *Mead* out-do—and by thy Skill,
As a firſt Stateſman, ſink the Weekly Bill;

(For all our Woes, from Earth and Heaven, of late
Have ſprung from dire Corruptions in the State;
Our Fevers, Agues, Winds, and heavy Rain,
All the ſad Fruits of thy unrighteous Gain).
Cou'dſt thou perſuade thy King, a Place to grant
To all who merit —— that is, all who want,
Titles exchange for Flatt'ry, and allow
Penſions for Smiles, and Honours for a Bow;
Ingratitude, adorning ev'ry Hand
That ſqueezes thine, with Truncheons, or a Wand:
Ador'd thyſelf, thy Schemes wou'd be divine,
No *Sh*——*n* murmur, and no *S*——*s* repine;
His grateful Pen employ, thy Worth to raiſe,
And turn his angry Satires into Praiſe.

In myſtick Med'cines ſure theſe Doctors deal,
Wid'ning our Wounds, to make them faſter heal;
Pierce, without Cauſe, the guiltleſs Patient's Heart,
In his Relief to ſhew their greater Art:
As Quacks take Poiſon, to amuſe the Throng,
And prove their own fam'd Antidotes more ſtrong.

Sedition now her Enſign rears on high,
The publiſh'd Scandal, and the bare-fac'd Lye,
Britain's renown'd Triumvirate, diſplay
The Sword aloft, and ſhoot their Shafts by Day;
Each Week, in Malice, dip their pois'nous Quill,
Slay without Guilt, and without Murder kill;
Let Treaſon then the vanquiſh'd Law defy,
To guard her Cauſe, the righteous Twelve are nigh,
For *Britain*'s Bliſs, who think all Libels meant,
And Journals wicked —— with a good Intent:
In our bleſt Times, the happy Æra, born,
Statutes to break, and Penalties to ſcorn;
From Law itſelf to gain a legal Right,
The keeneſt Weapon, 'gainſt herſelf to fight;
To Flames no more the daring Libel curſt,
He the beſt Patriot now, who writes the worſt;
Tumult inſpires—a madding Mob inflames,
Senates derides, and Majeſty defames.
What then has Juſtice left, the Bad to awe,
Who claim their Jury, and offend — by Law?

Which lends 'em Arms, their Sov'reign to defy,
The Verdict ſure, ſuppoſe the Inſult high:
Againſt the reſt, which does her Rigour bend,
And turns her Rage on thoſe ſhe ſhou'd defend;
The Preſs allow'd, whatever be the Theme,
Where *M*— may lye, and *Woolſton* may blaſpheme;
Without whoſe Aid, cou'd one his King arraign,
Or one his Saviour and his God diſdain?
Let Faction then, in learned Libels, vent
At once her Duty and her Diſcontent,
That does in Wrath for Unity engage,
And proves her peaceful Temper, by her Rage:
Succeſſive Monarchs do thy Care confeſs,
Thy Wiſdom own, and ſaving Conduct bleſs;
In Peace thy Counſels ſage, in War admir'd,
By Prudence taught, or Piety inſpir'd;
While each, by Turns, thy Boſom does inflame,
Thy Country's Glory, and thy Sov'reign's Fame;
The nice and hidden Art diſclos'd by thee,
How Kings might rule, and Subjects ſtill be free:

Each ſave their own, and guard the other's Right,
And with Obedience Liberty unite.

What, tho' the Envious curſe, the Weak aſſail,
Invectives hiſs, and angry Journals rail,
Lampoons each Week divert the Idiot Crowd,
In thy Abuſe, how witty and how loud?
Huge Satires to the War their Fauchions bring,
And little Champion Epigrams, their Sting:
Poets, as well as Stateſmen, turn'd thy Foes,
And Verſe call'd in, to aid retreating Proſe.
'Tis thy Renown alone that gives 'em Pain,
That Height of Glory they deſpair to gain;
With thy Great Fame they wage the vengeful War,
Thy Title, Garter, and refulgent Star;
Its Ray, like *Ægypt*'s Myſtick Pillar, bright,
Caſting on them a Shade — on thee a Light:
Each *Craftſman*, and its Authors, doubly curſt,
Forc'd to condemn the Good, to pleaſe the Worſt;
(With no one Party never long at reſt,
Who try'd 'em all, and wiſely left the beſt)

Oblig'd,

Oblig'd, by ſolemn Compact, to ſupply
The Town each *Friday* with a duteous, Lye:
Forts without Stone to build, a Mob to pleaſe,
And drown'd whole Navies, that ſtill ſail the Seas;
Our Griefs to ſwell, and make our Loſſes more,
Hiring Complaints from ev'ry Foreign Shore:
Not Ships enough deſtroy'd, unleſs they ſink
As many more in Seas of *Britiſh* Ink;
Cov'ring, with Phantom Troops, the Captive Land,
Which multiply the more, as they disband:
Fables the Factious ſpread, the Fooliſh buy,
Enrag'd at Truth, and raviſh'd with a Lye;
All at great Fav'rites rail; but own the Cheat,
Railing in Hopes to be themſelves as Great.

Be ſtill Thyſelf — an injur'd Worth, like thine,
Thro' Envy, and her thickeſt Shade, ſhall ſhine:
The Few may err, the faireſt Fame deride,
Sway'd to the Wrong, by Party or by Pride;
Nations diſpel the Cloud o'er Merit caſt,
And long forgetful, ſtill are juſt at laſt:

While Virtue, by her Suffering, fairer made,
Takes, like the Sun, new Luſtre from her Shade;
Which, to the Eye, appears a while leſs bright,
To burſt upon the World with ſtronger Light,
Scatt'ring the vaniſh'd Vapour, with a Ray,
That ſtrove to intercept and hide the Day:
Whoever cenſures, in each Great Deſign,
The Upright and the Wiſe were ever thine,
Enjoy their Smiles; thy Fame as well as Gain
To boaſt thy Foes, the Vicious and the Vain;
A Clan perverſe, in Manners and in Mind,
Whom Laws cou'd ne'er oblige, or Favours bind;
Fierce in Debate, in Oppoſition ſtrong,
Reſolv'd that Courts and Kings muſt ſtill be wrong:
No Schemes, beſide their own, or Projects right,
Turn'd Patriots of their Country —— out of Spite.
To guard her Freedom none ſo well inclin'd,
Made by Vexation wiſe, by Malice kind;
At our Ill-fortune, and our Good, perplex'd,
Raviſh'd this Hour, with what they hate the next;

A moody,

A moody, murmuring, plaintive, peeviſh Race,
Who always thought, that Gain alone was Grace,
Virtue a pious Cheat, without a Dower,
By Fortune paid, of Plenty or of Power;
To Peace, to War, to Reſt, to Fighting-Foes,
Their Buſineſs not to mend, but to oppoſe:
One only Way to win 'em to our Side,
Seeming to like thoſe Notions we deride;
Whate'er is purpos'd, out of Pride or Spite,
Agreed, the contrary ſhall ſtill be right:
Dangers and Safety both alike diſpleaſe,
They dread a War — yet quarrel with a Peace;
Spain to provoke, muſt ſhew our Nation mad;
To make him our Ally, is full as bad;
His Friendſhip vain, yet his Reſentments worſe,
While this Day's Bleſſing, is the next Day's Curſe.
(For the ſame Fact, as Folks are out or in,
With Power, is Virtue; and without, is Sin)
In Blunders ſtanch, for Contradictions priz'd,
Cenſuring this Year, what they the laſt advis'd:
If we equip our Fleets — our Wealth we drain;
If we unrig 'em, 'tis to humour *Spain*:

Alike pernicious, either weak Deſign,
To keep *Gibraltar* ſtill —— or to reſign.
To have the Treaty ſign'd, they loudly call;
'Tis ſign'd —— and now it has undone us all.
By *Fleury* manag'd, or by *Philip* made,
They gueſs, by Inſtinct, it has ſpoil'd our Trade;
And prophecy, by ſtrange diſcerning Skill,
Before the Terms are known, they muſt be ill.
Nothing wou'd more incenſe this angry Brood,
Than a bad Peace —— except a very good:
Our Trade ſecur'd, our haughty Foe appeas'd,
Againſt their Wills; how cruel to be pleas'd!
'Till thou can'ſt jarring Notions reconcile,
Make War protect, and Peace deſtroy our Iſle;
Freedom, to Right and Liberty a Foe,
And Credit ſink, as Wealth and Riches flow;
Rebellion, Duty; and our conſtant Hate
A Proof, how very dear we love a State:
Malice will blame, and Folly will deſpiſe,
And all accuſe Thee, but the GOOD and WISE.

FINIS.

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